

ISLE ROYALE

"The Front Door of Canada"

CELIA C. DIMOCK

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By

Celia C. Dimock



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Preface

THE stories and tales related in these few chapters have been heard during a lifetime spent mainly on the island of Cape Breton. They are mostly fireside tales handed down from one generation to another, so no great accuracy may be expected; yet they are extremely interesting, with their associations of past days on this island.

The historical events have been gleaned from many sources, principally from the various histories of the island that have been published; among them, L. M. Gow's "Cape Breton Illustrated", C. W. Vernon's "Cape Breton", as well as Thomas J. Brown's "Nova Scotia Place Names", which as well as giving the meaning of various names on the island, has also given with them, many interesting glimpses of history. From an older work, Murdoch's "History of Nova Scotia", there has been obtained much interesting information of this island, especially in the chapters on Louisburg, in which there is a notable account of the two sieges.

CELIA C. DIMOCK.

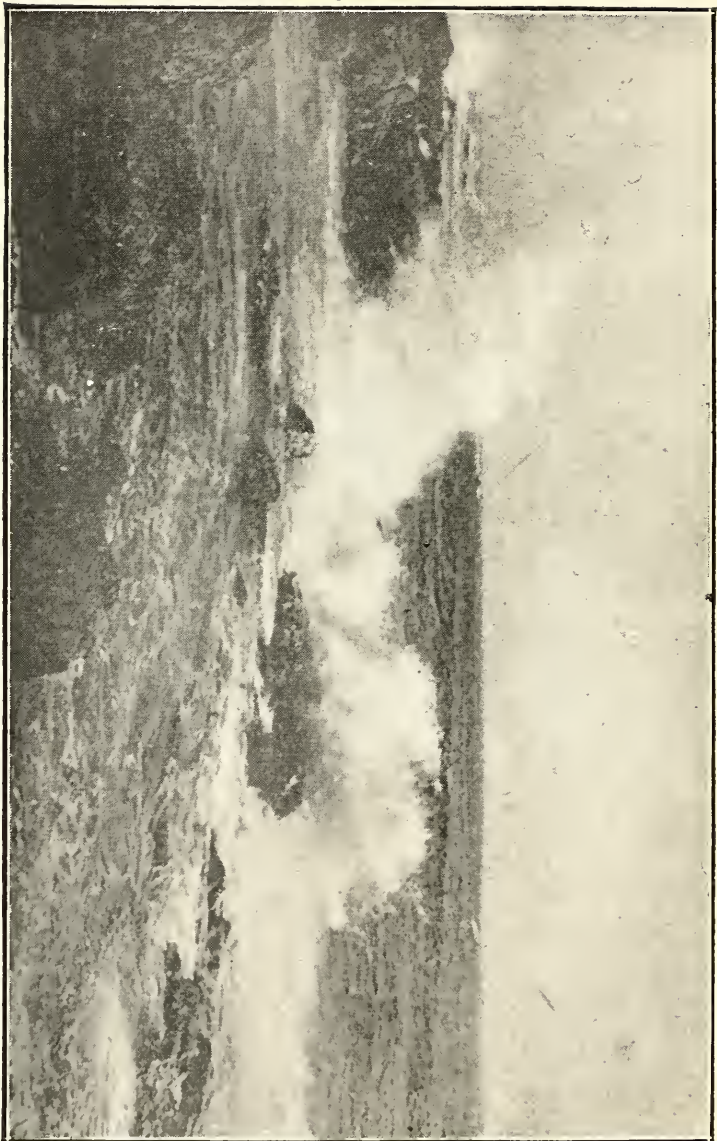
(Mrs. R. E. Dimock.)

Printed in Canada

“Egad! I’ll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island!”

—Duke of Newcastle, Thomas Pelham Holles
(1693-1768),
English Statesman.

“A muddle-headed man was Newcastle, manifestly incompetent to manage public business, yet for thirty years he was secretary of state, and for ten years first lord of the treasury. One day in 1758, he remarked at the government offices that he had heard thirty thousand French soldiers had ‘marched’ to Cape Breton. Astonishment was expressed that so large an army had been able to get transports. ‘Transports!’ retorted Newcastle. ‘I tell you they marched by land!’ ‘By land to the island of Cape Breton?’ somebody scoffed. ‘What! is Cape Breton an island?’ exclaimed the astounded duke. It was pointed out to him on the map. He was so delighted at the grand revelation that he declared his intention of immediately informing the king.”



ATLANTIC SURF NEAR SYDNEY, C. B.

CHAPTER I.

An Interesting Island

The Breton Fisher's Prayer.

"Oh God! Thy sea is so
surpassing great
And my bateau so very frail
and small."

Jutting out into the broad Atlantic and separated from the mainland—though still forming a part of the Province of Nova Scotia—by the narrow Strait of Canso, Cape Breton Island, the most easterly extremity of the Dominion of Canada, has been very appropriately called "The Front Door of Canada"; and though comparatively small, its total area being only three thousand, seven hundred and four square miles, yet it holds an unique place in the romantic history of our great Dominion.

Hazy as the mists of its own surrounding ocean, the history of this island, with its appealing beauty and romance, takes us far back into the realms of the past, to that shadow land where mystical lore and early tradition are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. In this misty region, tradition tells us that the first known visitors to its shores were those intrepid voyageurs of the deep, the hardy Norsemen, who a thousand years ago, in their Viking ships, braved

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the storms and perils of an uncharted ocean in their search for adventure and conquest—those forerunners and ancestors of that great race of sea-lovers and sea-rovers, the Anglo-Saxons—destined to play such an important part in the future history of the continent of North America.

The very name of this island—it is interesting to know that Cape Breton is the oldest French name in American geography—is imbued with the romance of the ocean, carrying us back to the days when adventurous Basque and Breton fishermen, centuries after the visit of the Norsemen to its shores, yet before the earliest recorded visits of the later adventurers and explorers—even before the days of Columbus—crossed the ocean in their frail crafts, and visiting the shores of this island, left as a legacy the name by which it is still known—probably in remembrance of their homeland beyond the sea. To the native Indian, the island was known as “Oonamaagik”, meaning, “The Home of the Micmac, or True Men”.

Many and interesting are the names identified with the early history of Cape Breton, extending far back to those adventurous days when Columbus, returning to Spain with the story of his wonderful discoveries, fired other daring souls to still greater achievements in the unknown lands beyond the western ocean. Perhaps among them all, the most important from an historical point of view—especially from a British standpoint—are those of John and

AN INTERESTING ISLAND

Sebastian Cabot, who in 1497 made the discovery upon which was based the claim of England to the greater part of North America.

The first land discovered by the Cabots in America has long been a matter of dispute, some claiming the honor for Labrador, others for Newfoundland and still others for the northern part of Cape Breton, which seems to have at least as good a right to be the "Prima Terra Vista" of the Cabots' as any of the other claimants.

After the Cabots, the names of many other early adventurers and explorers are recorded as having visited, or at least sailed along the coast of this island, names well known in the annals of the history of North America; among these, that of Champlain, the greatest and best of the early explorers in Canada, who in 1603 crossed the Atlantic and spent the summer in cruising along the shores of Newfoundland and Cape Breton; as well as that of Jaques Cartier, that adventurous navigator who discovered the passage to the Atlantic between the islands of Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Indeed for many years this island seems to have been a favorite port of call for the adventurous seamen of the different countries which at that period were foremost in exploration and adventure; and it continued to be a neutral ground of meeting for the fishermen and fur traders of the various nations until it became, with Nova Scotia (then known as Acadie) a definite possession of the French Crown, where it played a

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most important role in that great struggle for mastery in North America, waged for so many years between England and France. Many traces of this period of conflict may still be seen on the island, especially in the ruined forts and ancient earth-works of that stronghold of the French in America—Louisburg, a name that will forever be associated with the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon supremacy in North America.



Cape Breton, as well as for its historic interest, is also noted for its wonderful natural scenery. The most casual tourist who follows only the more frequented routes of travel cannot but be impressed with its variety and charm. While those who are willing to spend both the time and effort to explore the more unfamiliar and less known parts of the island are well rewarded in their quest for the beautiful; the country abounding in the most exquisite scenery—hill and dale, lake and river, mountain-torrent and rock-bound coast, scene after scene, vista after vista opening out before one; making a tour of this island an expedition of keenest delight.

A great charm lies in the unexpected—as of a sudden rift in the mist revealing some hitherto unsuspected beauty, of a fleeting gleam of sunshine on sombre waters—and to find a peerless inland sea with its many graceful arms, coves, and bays, and having a shore-line ex-

AN INTERESTING ISLAND

tending for no less than four hundred and fifty miles throughout the interior of this small island, is certainly a source of both wonder and fascination. These waters, called by the Indians "Peloobooc", meaning a long dish full of water, were known to the French by the appropriate and expressive name of "La Bras d'Or", (The Arm of Gold). To have any idea of the enchanting scenery of this lake region, one must become familiar with its varied and unsurpassed attractions. Here is seen the mingling of land and water with all its fascination. One may sail for days without wearying among the innumerable inland harbors, bays and picturesque islets which add so much to the charm of the sparkling waters, all the while encircled and surrounded by the shadowy beauty of range after range of miniature mountains and tree-clad hills. On the summit of one of these, Beinn Bhreagh not far from the pretty village of Baddeck, lies buried the great inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, quietly resting, after a strenuous life devoted to the service of his fellowmen, surrounded in death by the exquisite beauty that in life he had loved so well.

As one lingers among the many attractions of these lakes, it would seem as if so much beauty were sufficient for one small island, but though possibly one of its most interesting features, the waters of the Bras d'Or do not by any means exhaust the amazing variety of beautiful scenery. Throughout the length and breadth of Cape Breton abound rivers and lakes famous for

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their rare loveliness. The Mira river, with its quiet pastoral beauty, winding for miles through a fertile country; the River Denys and Loch Lomond with their suggestive names and charming scenery; that lovely sheet of land-locked water, Lake Ainslie; the far-famed Margaree, known to the French as Marguerite River; the Lakes O'Law, said to be a striking reproduction of lake scenery in Scotland, and many others far too numerous to mention.

Surely! the greatest charm of this island is its varied beauty, ever changing, never the same. Not only do we find the haunting loveliness of the Bras d'Or, the serenity of quiet river and placid lake, but there still remains the lure of the open sea with its interesting coast line of rugged and picturesque character. In the northern portion of the island—the possible “Prima Terra Vista” of the Cabots’—where the land attains its highest elevation, we find scene after scene of majestic splendor; mist-covered mountains towering a thousand feet above the sea, their steep gorges filled with the thunder of rushing mountain torrents; wind-swept cliffs lashed by the waves of the stormy Atlantic, indented with bays and harbors of supreme loveliness.

As one travels among these enchanting scenes of rare beauty, it is not difficult to understand why the French, with their innate love of the beautiful, among all their possessions during the French regime in Canada, gave to this island the appropriate name of “Isle Royale”.



JOE PAUL, NYANZA, C. B.

ONLY FULL BLOODED MIC MAC INDIAN NOW LIVING IN
NOVA SCOTIA, AGE 103

CHAPTER II.

Memories of the Micmac Indian

“The memory of the Red Man,
How can it pass away,
While their names of music linger
On each mount and stream and bay; . . .

The memory of the Red Man,
It lingers like a spell
On many a storm-tossed headland,
On many a leafy dell. . . .”

Another source of interest to one who is familiar with Cape Breton are the many peculiar and beautiful place-names heard everywhere throughout the island. Associated with the name of the island itself, so fraught with the lure and romance of the sea, are also found many other suggestive and significant names—names that stand as memorials of men and events of former days and which form an essential part in recalling a past of much historical interest.

In the musical Indian names one hears so frequently, Eskasoni, Baddeck, Malagawatch, Lingan, as well as many others, we inherit a legacy from those former owners of the land, now almost a vanished race, whose odd and beautiful place-names are their only memorial. Intermingled with the Indian names are those of France and Spain, carrying with them echoes

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of daring exploits on the sea, as well as recalling that romantic period of the French occupation of the island. Among the French names, we find Boularderie—the name of this beautiful island at the entrance of the Bras d'Or Lakes takes us back to the early days of the French regime in Cape Breton, when it was owned and settled by Louis Simon de St. Aubin de Poupet, Chevalier de la Boularderie, who maintained a large establishment on this island, and who, during the first siege of Louisburg, was taken prisoner by the English—Isle Madame, Cape Dauphin, the euphonious St. Esprit of the French—anglesized to the rather ludicrous “Sandy Spree” of the later Scotch settlers; Gabarus, which tradition tells us was originally “Baie de la Chapeau Rouge” (The Bay of the Red Hat), deriving its name, it is said, from the visit of a French warship having on board a cardinal of the Church of Rome. This name, as with others of foreign origin, was promptly modified by the later British settlers to its present name; Main-a-Dieu, possibly an echo of some long-forgotten tragedy of the sea. St. Anne's, that favorite patroness of the French; the musical Catalone, which though seemingly touched with memories of Spain, really perpetuates the name of a French official at the fort of Louisburg bearing the name of Catalonge, though in the early French name of Sydney harbor, “Baie des Espagnol” there still lingers the suggestion of early Spanish adventure. Throughout the island we are greeted with these

MEMORIES OF THE MICMAC INDIAN

echoes of the past, lingering memories of those former occupants of the land, who "hold in mort main still their old estates".

At a later date we find the British settlers bringing with them beloved names of the homeland across the sea, which were transferred in loving remembrance to their new homes; the Beinns, the Lochs, the Straths and Glens of the Scotch, familiar Irish and English names rich with historical lore. Everywhere, one hears those mementoes of time and events now long past, yet holding within themselves an historical interest which adds much to the romantic charm of the story of this attractive island. We also meet with the names of prominent people of that early period, as in the case of the city of Sydney, named for the Honourable Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sydney, who at that time held the position of Colonial Secretary.

Possibly nowhere in Canada is there more mingling of the historical, with its impress of three races, than in this small island, hearkening back to scenes and events that have played an important role in the history of the Dominion.

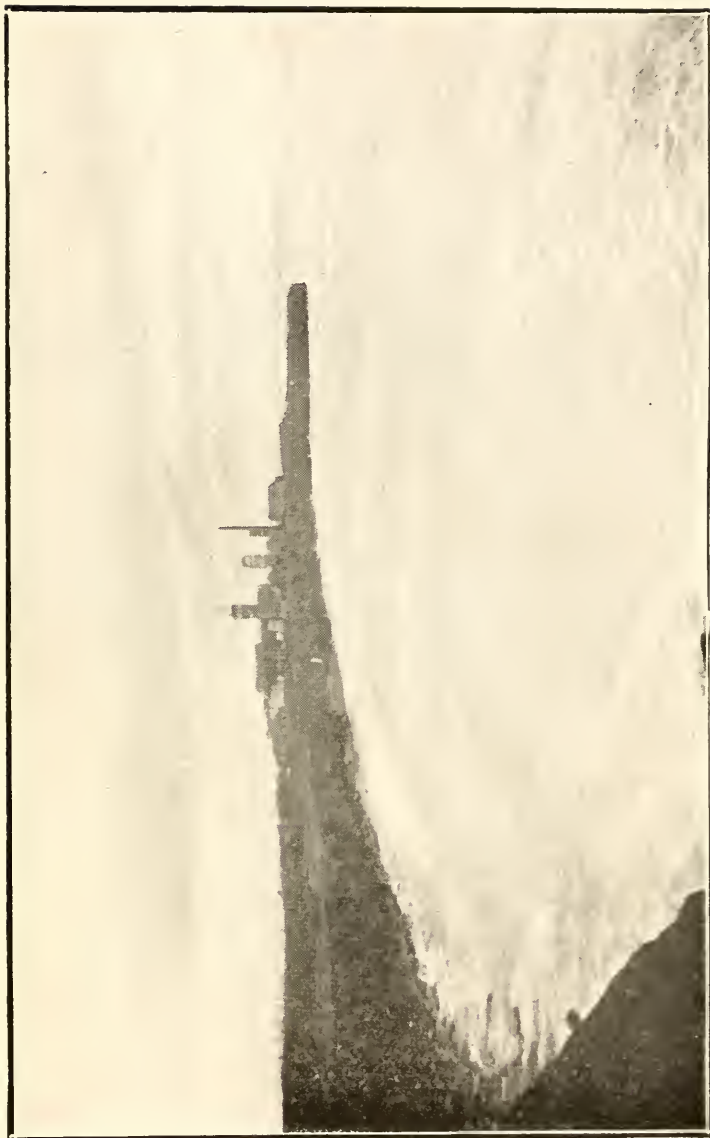
CHAPTER III.

A Quaint Old Town

IN travelling through Cape Breton, the many small hamlets and villages scattered throughout the island, with their restful calm and quiet beauty, cannot fail to appeal to the lover of the picturesque. Nestling on the shores of the many inland bays and harbors of the waters of the Bras d'Or, amid the ineffable charm of that lake region, are found a number of these pretty villages, far-famed for the superb beauty of their surroundings.

Whycocomagh—"Beside the Flowing Wave-tops" of the Indians—Baddeck, of Charles Dudley Warner's amusing "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing"; St. Peters, with its fine situation and historical interest, as well as many others—they all possess an individual appeal of their own. While perhaps to many, the picturesque fishing hamlets scattered along the coast—those bleak, windswept villages with their bronze-faced inhabitants and quaint surroundings—will afford even more attraction than the more placid charms of the inland villages, especially to one who loves the sea. In the small French towns and settlements such as Arichat, Cheticamp, Grant Etang, River Bourgeois and others, may still be found many reminders of the French occupation of this island.

The colliery districts, as well possess a peculiar interest all their own; usually facing the sea,



DOMINION COLLIERY NO. 1-B.
GLACE BAY, N. S.

A QUAIN OLD TOWN

sombre and grey, with their many rows of rather grim appearing cottages, hazy with the smoke and dust that inevitably accompanies the working of a coal-mine; these communities will well repay the visitor who finds an interest in the many different aspects of life on this island. In the colliery town of Glace Bay, now more than a quarter of a century ago, Marconi first received a wireless message from across the Atlantic, a fitting sequel to that romantic line of communication which has been held for centuries on this small island between the old world and the new.

The history of the coal industry in Cape Breton is one of unique interest, as this island has the signal honor of being the scene of the first coal-mining operation in North America. Well over two centuries ago, as early as 1720, we hear of French settlers on the island opening and operating a mine at Port Morien; this is said to be the first known colliery on the American continent. On the northern side of Sydney harbor, the collieries known as Sydney Mines have also been in operation for nearly two centuries, and at the present time, these collieries, with their deep shafts and under-sea areas,—some workings extending two and one half miles from the shore,—are among the most interesting coal-mines in America. These, with the enormous deposits opened at a later date, together with the large steel manufacturing plant situated on the eastern shore of Sydney harbor, constitute an important part of the

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industrial and mineral wealth of the Dominion of Canada.



The largest center of industrial activity on this island is the city of Sydney, which for many years has been an important seaport town and is now a modern city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Situated on one of the finest harbors in the world, with its large steel plant and great coal shipping piers, this city holds one of the most important industrial positions in Canada; and as one of the older communities of the Dominion, offers much that is of interest to the student of the early history of the Dominion, especially to those interested in the first settlement of the Maritime Provinces; having associations with much that relates to the early growth of eastern Canada and possessing the background of a picturesque and romantic past.

This city, first settled by United Empire Loyalists about twenty-seven years after the final capture of Louisburg, was originally a garrison town and was also the seat of government for the island, which did not become a part of the Province of Nova Scotia until the year 1820. Owing to the circumstance of its having been a military post as well as a seaport, there was naturally much more of interest in the life of this community from its first settlement than the ordinary small pioneer village would

A QUAIN OLD TOWN

usually enjoy. Though at present, the original little town of those early days has been almost entirely submerged by the rapid growth of the modern city, yet one may still see, here and there, quaint buildings reminiscent of the past, tucked away among the more imposing modern structures of the present day. The grey-gabled buildings of the old barrack and parade ground, with its magnificent outlook over the waters of the harbor—now used as a public park—takes us back to the small military town of former days. Two ancient stone churches, long past the century mark, St. Patricks' Chapel on the water front, with its quaint square tower, and St. George's, the old garrison church, surrounded by its old-world churchyard; both pregnant with memories of the past; links which associate the present modern city with the picturesque life lived in that small colonial town, now more than a century and a half ago.

Associated with the quaint old barrick buildings in Sydney is a weird story of the occult and is of more than passing interest, as this story is considered to be one of the best authenticated tales of its kind. Known as the Wynyard ghost story, it recalls the days of the very earliest settlement of the city shortly after the arrival of the first garrison; back to an October afternoon in 1795, when two young officers of the garrison, Capt. John Sherebrook and Lieut. George Wynyard, sat reading in the latter's room. Sherebrook, happening to look up from his book, saw standing at the door leading to a

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hallway, a young man of about twenty years of age, with sunken cheeks and wasted form, dressed in a light summer costume. Surprised at the presence of a stranger so lightly clad at that time of year, he called his companion's attention to him, who, on looking up, became so agitated that he was unable to speak. The stranger, in the meantime walking slowly across the room, disappeared into a bedroom at the rear. When Wynyard recovered from his astonishment, he exclaimed, "That is my brother". Instantly both young men rushed to the room into which the strange visitant had vanished, only to find it empty. No explanation of this singular event could be given; but a note was made of the day and the hour at which the incident had taken place.

During the winter which followed, nothing unusual occurred. The island being completely isolated throughout the winter months at that period, no outside news reached the occupants of the barracks until the following June, when Lieut. Wynyard received from England the advice of the death, which had occurred in India, of his favorite brother. He had died on the day and at the very hour the friends had seen his spirit pass through the room on that October afternoon.

It would seem that in many ways the life in this old military town resembled much more closely that of a remote English village than of an ordinary pioneer Canadian community. We hear of many old English customs adhered

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to by the inhabitants of this small hamlet. The celebration of May-day, quaint Yule-tide customs, of many pretty ceremonies and rites brought from across the sea; as well as those that seem to more modern eyes, both gruesome and severe; such as that of a man being sentenced to death for the trivial crime of stealing an old coat—as a matter of fact, this awful sentence was never carried out—and of others, for no less an offence, being committed to the stocks, which at that time was used as a punishment for delinquents, as well as that ancient form of discipline, the pillory—these instruments of torture occupying a prominent position in or near the market place of the old town.

Of the social life of that period, we also hear many quaint and amusing stories; of the heart-burnings and jealousies, the trials and triumphs of the belles and beaux of those days of crinoline and candle-light; of the strict lines drawn in the social life of the little town of then, less than five hundred inhabitants; where the yearning social ambitions of those engaged in the more ordinary occupations of life, the traders and shopkeepers—though usually possessed of far more of this world's goods than those of the more elite belonging to the military and official portion of the community—were so mercilessly “turned down” by their more aristocratic neighbours.

Until a few years ago, a pretty vine-covered cottage, the site now being occupied by a large modern brick building, used to be pointed out

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as having been the center of much of the gaiety that had existed in the old garrison town. And as one saw the restricted space of the tiny rooms in this old cottage, which had been the scene of so much revelry and entertainment, they could have some idea of the small number that had constituted the elite of that quaint village. Indeed, though with a Canadian setting, the stories of the social life of that period remind one very closely of that delightful old tale of English life, "Cranford".

We hear too, of duels being fought to settle the differences of hot-blooded gentlemen of that period; those combats usually taking place in the grey dawn of the early morning, amid the picturesque surroundings of an estate some distance from the city. We also hear the story of a grave tragedy committed in a moment of violent passion, darkening the pages of the history of this quiet hamlet. Truly, as one listens to the tales that have sifted down through the by-gone years, it would seem that a strenuous life had been lived by those gentlemen of the old school who were, in those days the principal residents of this picturesque village.

After the removal of the garrison,—the last company having been called away during the Crimean War,—the town grew very slowly and only reached a population of about three thousand inhabitants at the time of the establishment of the steel industry in 1900. During the years that intervened between that of the old garrison town and the present city, the life in

A QUAIN OLD TOWN

Sydney still held much that was old-world and quaint; many of the traditions of an older day still lingering, especially amid the social life of this small community. In summer, the harbor being a port of call for both English and French warships, the town did not altogether lose the glamor of its military glory of former days. many forms and ceremonies of earlier days still surviving, especially among the social circles of the small community, where class distinctions were still rigidly adhered to; sometimes in rather an amusing fashion, as at this date, no doubt due to the increased population of the original village, there seems to have been many distinctions without very much difference. During these days a social gathering was a matter of grave deliberation, of much worry and anxiety to the host and hostess who were to entertain; and many a serious discussion has occurred in the little town as to whether the grocer's wife, who was becoming financially opulent, should be invited to meet the judge's wife; or if the doctor's or lawyer's daughters could possibly meet on equal footing with those of the tailors, bakers or harness-makers, who also were becoming financially troublesome. So, in common with all other places, both small and great, the gross materialism of the age was beginning to assert itself, and money was found to be the open sesame which would surmount the hard and fast barriers of even this small Victorian town.

But the leisurely quiet of the picturesque

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village was destined for a rude awakening. The year 1900 saw the beginning of a new era; the establishment of the great steel business which rapidly transformed the old town into the busy industrial city of the present time.



A pleasant sail of five miles across the harbor brings one to the pretty town of North Sydney, which faces the beautiful north-west arm of Sydney harbor. For many years this town has been an important coal shipping seaport and is famous for having had the first cable station in North America—from this port, the sail to that other island so full of historical interest, Newfoundland, is a matter of but a few hours—while three miles down the shore of the harbor, approaching the entrance, is the old colliery town of Sydney Mines; teeming with memories of the coal mining business on this island and still occupying an important place in that great industry.

A rather peculiar coincidence is the fact that two of the finest harbors in the world should bear the same name—that of the far-famed harbor of the Antipodes, Sydney, Australia and also that of the Canadian harbor of Sydney, Cape Breton—the latter has, since the very earliest history of the continent of North America, been one of fascination and interest; the “Cibou” of the Micmac Indian, the “Baie d’Espagnol” of the early French, as well as its present name hold within themselves connecting

A QUAIN T OLD TOWN

links, binding one period with another. The "Baie d'Espagnol" brings us back to the early history of the island, when Spanish seamen used this harbor as their headquarters for fur trading and fishing, as the English at that period used Louisburg, then known as "Havre d'Anglais" and the French, St. Anne's; those wanderers and toilers of the sea whose daring exploits opened a new land to the sojourners who succeeded them. While possibly, centuries before these, the hardy Norsemen may have found a welcome haven in its land-locked waters for their Viking ships after braving the perils of an unknown sea.

As one of the chief ports of the Atlantic seaboard during the great world war, Sydney harbor played a most important part. Camouflaged vessels of every description, troop-ships, men-of-war, coal and munition carriers, ships with cargoes of every kind passing in and out, or anchored in the roadstead of the spacious harbor, presented a scene not soon to be forgotten.

Changeless, amid the many changes that have come throughout the passing years, the waters of this harbor; whether in calm or storm, veiled in the mists of an early morning or crimsoned by the rays of the setting sun; are as appealingly beautiful today as when the Indian paddled his frail canoe on its glittering bosom. Or when the storm-tossed Basque or Breton fisherman sailed into its safe haven after many days on a restless ocean, knowing that at least he had reached his journey's end.

CHAPTER IV.

Descendants of Pioneers

“Where is the thatch-roofed village.
the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers
that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but
reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and
the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when
the mighty blasts of October
Sieze them, and whirl them aloft, and
sprinkle them far o’er the ocean.
Nought but tradition remains of the
beautiful village of Grand Pre’.”

LEAVING the industrial districts of Cape Breton and travelling throughout the more rural portions of the island; in the pretty villages and small towns, as well as the comfortable farming districts, a visitor is impressed with the many evidences of the earlier settlement of this island. In the older homesteads are seen the spinning-wheel and loom as well as specimens of the beautiful spinning and weaving of those early days, while stored away in odd corners may yet be found rude farming implements of a century ago, now replaced by modern machinery. Here, one meets the true native population of



LAKES D'LAU, CAPE BRETON, N. S.

DESCENDANTS OF PIONEERS

the island;—the industrial districts having, as is usual with all manufacturing centers, a more or less floating population—an interesting people, descendents of the pioneer settlers of the land; those intrepid men and women who have done so much to build up the British Empire.

Among these people, one may receive the courteous hospitality of the Scottish Highlander, those hardy sons of a hardy race, proudly bearing the old clan names of Scotland; the MacDonalds, MacLeans, MacNeils, MacLeods and all the other numerous Macs of the different clans;—if not quite sure of a name when in Cape Breton, try MacDonald and in nine cases out of ten one is right,—the majority of them descendants of those pioneer settlers from the islands of Scotland, the Hebrides, those misty islands, whose familiar place-names one meets so frequently throughout this island. Among these Cape Breton Celts are found the different types so often seen among the Isle-folk of Scotland; the tall, broad-shouldered blonde, whose fair skin and blue eye shows so plainly their heritage of Norse blood. The slight, active, red-haired Celt, keen and alert, whose temper is usually as fiery as his head. While very frequently are met those whose foreign cast of face, dark eyes and olive skin—usually a very handsome type—recall their Spanish ancestry; taking us back to the sixteenth century when Spanish seamen of the ill-fated Armada, wrecked on the coast of Scotland, their lives

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having been spared by the inhabitants, they eventually married and settled among the islands of that stormy coast; their descendants still showing traces of their Southern ancestry. As in the Highlands of Scotland, so in Cape Breton, one may frequently hear spoken, especially among the older people, the Gaelic, which every true Highlander will assure you was the speech of Eden.



In the French settlements, with their quaint villages and picturesque towns, whose inhabitants—the majority, descendants of the hapless Acadians of Grand Pré are noted for the native politeness of a charming people, one may still hear the melodious French of the sixteenth century, the speech of their Acadian fore-fathers. In these picturesque hamlets may be seen worn, quaint costumes of another day, the “Norman cap and kirtle of blue”, and among the older women, the black coif wound around the head, which gives a most charming old-world effect to those who still adhere to the wearing of it. In the French households one may see many odd and pretty customs, and hear, especially among the old people, many weird superstitions and traditions, brought no doubt, with their forefathers from across the sea. These Acadians are a music-loving people, and one frequently hears among them the haunting melodies of quaint old French

DESCENDANTS OF PIONEERS

chansons, sung as they move in and out about their daily tasks, losing none of their appealing sweetness if their strains be heard wafted over the water as the fishing boats return from their daily toil.

Among both the Scotch and French settlements on the island, the traveller is impressed by the many fine churches, both Protestant and Catholic, that are seen throughout the country districts of the island, their spires looming up amid picturesque surroundings, often enhancing the charm of many a beautiful landscape, as well as symbolizing the strong religious instincts of both Celtic races. Among these fine edifices, is one on the western coast of the island which is of unusual interest. On a hill overlooking the harbor of the small French fishing village of Cheticamp, there stands a spacious chapel built of native stone, its exterior plain and severe, but with an interior surprisingly fine. In this exquisite interior, we find expressed the dreamy sentient love of beauty so inherent in the French. And it seems almost incredible that this bleak Acadian fishing village in so isolated a place, should possess such a gem of rare beauty as the interior of this church certainly is. The building of this chapel, it is said, was largely due to the devoted efforts of a French Parish Priest, who for many years labored among the sailors and fishermen of that settlement, and who now lies buried within the walls of the beautiful building which seems to have been practically his life's work.

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As characteristic of their race, the Cape Breton descendants of the French Acadian, though vivacious and light-hearted, are yet an extremely religious people; remaining devoted followers of the church of their ancestors. The simple faith of their forefathers being found among the fisher-fold of this island today, as in the days of yore, when their Acadian forebears at Grand Pré heard:

“The bell from the turret sprinkle with holy
sound the air,
As the priest with his hissop sprinkled the
congregation
Scattering blessings upon them.”

In many instances the religious festivals are still celebrated in the Acadian villages in Cape Breton, much the same as they were in the quaint Breton and Norman villages of their ancestors two centuries ago.

Overlooking the picturesque village of Arichat, on Isle Madame, one of the oldest as well as one of the most charming French settlements on this island, stands an ancient calvary. The origin of this cross is a mystery, no one seeming to know when or why it was erected; yet for generations it has stood, tall and gaunt, through winter storms and summer sunshine; no doubt bringing comfort and solace to many a wayfarer on both land and sea.

Surely! an interesting race are these French Acadians of Cape Breton, with a background

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of possibly the most tragic history in the annals of Canada. Here, by the "mournful and misty Atlantic", still holding the traditions of their forefathers, whose story is so beautifully told in Longfellow's "Evangeline", the children of those wayfarers have found a quiet home for generations amid the beautiful surroundings of Isle Royale, the well-beloved of old France.

As one loiters among these quaint and interesting places, with their many reminders of life and customs of bygone years; we find still another race, whose tenure is indelibly stamped on this island and whose history extends still further back in its annals than that of either the French or English. Scattered throughout Cape Breton are yet a few settlements of the descendants of the original owners of the land—the Micmac Indians. These people live a picturesque life of their own, having their distinctive customs as well as speaking their native language and engaged in various pursuits such as basket-weaving and other occupations confined solely to themselves. An interesting people, those dark-eyed, soft-voiced natives, bringing recollections of those:

"Owners and occupants of an
earlier date,
Who from graves forgotten stretch their
dusty hands
And hold in mort main still their old
estates."

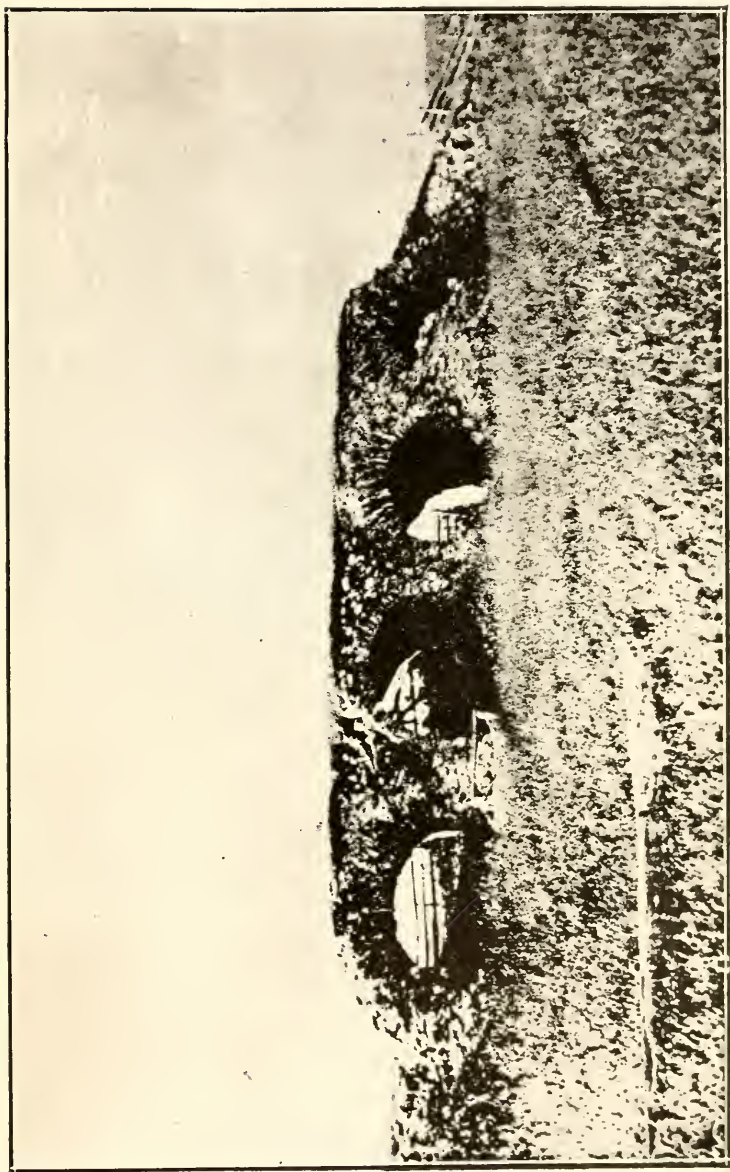
CHAPTER V.

Early Pioneers

“There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—”

THE early pioneer history of Cape Breton is intensely interesting, appealing alike to both French and English with the lure of its romantic story. During the early part of the sixteenth century, it appeared as if the golden lillies of France, rather than the red cross of England, were to sway the destiny of this island; and for a century and a half, its history is much more French than English. The greater part of this time was a period of almost continual warfare between these two nations for the possession of Canada, closing with the definite British triumph in that great struggle which began at Louisburg and finally ended at Quebec. In reading the history of this strenuous period, one is amazed by the magnitude of this mighty contest.

Very early in the sixteenth century we have our first record of a permanent settlement in Cape Breton; and it seems rather strange to know that this settlement was a small colony of Portugese, who established themselves either at Ingonish or St. Peters. This fact is mentioned by Champlain in his description of the island. The next settlement of which we have any account, was a small English colony in 1629 on



YE OLDE LOUISBURG FORTS NEAR SYDNEY, C. B.

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the harbor of Baleine, a little to the west of Louisburg. This colony was destined to be short lived, being destroyed by the French and some of the colonists, including the leader, Lord Ochiltree, carried as prisoners of war to France.

By far the most successful of these early attempts at settlement was that of a Frenchman, Nicholas Denys, who established stations both at St. Peters and St. Anne's, and whose memory is still perpetuated on the island by the lovely river which bears his name. The career of Denys was far from being without misfortune. He had much to contend with, and after suffering the loss of his house and stores by fire, thoroughly discouraged, he abandoned the island. And not until many years later do we hear of any white settlement being attempted in Cape Breton; not until the French, recognizing the importance of the situation, began that later period of occupation and colonization so fraught with historical interest and romance in the annals of the Dominion of Canada.



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"And this is Louisburg! whose moss-grown ruin
Stretches before me—one deserted waste!
Scarce can the eye, its eager search pursuing
The outlines of her strong defences trace—
Lo, the green rampart! towering once in pride,
And bristling, too, with bayonets, that long
The prowess of the immortal Wolfe defied"

The story of these later French pioneers in

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Cape Breton is a fascinating one, and many traces and relics of their occupation are found throughout the island; at St. Anne's, St. Peters and especially on the Mira river, which as well as for its attractive scenery, is also famous for its many interests connected with the French occupation of the island—though of course, the most interesting of all are the ruins of the historic fortress of Louisburg. On the shores of the Mira river are the remains of a French shipyard and also that of a brickyard, where much of the brick used in the fortifications of Louisburg was manufactured. Here also are the traces of a large settlement which at that period was strongly fortified.

Though the French were early to recognize the importance of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale as they had so appropriately named it, yet it was not until the founding of Louisburg in 1714 that the real history of their occupation began and continued until its final capture by the British in 1758—no other place, with the exception of Quebec itself holding a more prominent position in the history of the Dominion.

The story of Louisburg is familiar to every reader of Canadian history and is filled with historic interest and thrilling romance. This fortress, built according to the plans of the famous French military engineer, Vaubon, and costing the French Government over seven million dollars, was the greatest stronghold, with the exception of Quebec, built by the French in Canada. The building of the fortress was

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begun in 1728 and continued during a period of twenty years, and when finished, owing to its strength and what seemed its impregnable position, was known as "The Dunkirk of America".

During the construction of these fortifications, the scene at Louisburg must have been one of greatest activity; large numbers of officers, engineers, mechanics, tradesmen and laborers being imported from France to take part in this great undertaking. The town itself, which had a population of about four thousand, was laid out in wide streets crossing at right angles, the houses being chiefly of wood built on stone foundations, although some were built entirely of stone. The citadel, a massive stone structure separated from the town by a moat, contained the Governor's handsome residence, the barracks, the arsenal and the chapel. The principal industry of the town was fishing, the fish being stored and then shipped to France in vessels, which on the return voyage brought provisions and fishing supplies to the town. There was also a considerable trade carried on with the French possessions in the West Indies, as well as with the New England Colonies.

But this dream of power and affluence in the new world was fated never to be realized, and the downfall of this powerful fortress is one of the most tragic events in the French regime in Canada. The stories of both sieges, the first by the New England volunteers led by Col. Pepperell in 1745—stern old Puritans who had

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adopted the motto "Nil Desperandum Christo duce"—stern men of a stern faith—many of them fanatical enough to regard it as a religious crusade—being one of the most interesting events of the Colonial period of American history. while the stirring scenes of the second siege, the dramatic heroism of Madame Drucour, wife of the French Governor, as she vainly endeavored to cheer the drooping spirits of the French garrison in their last desperate efforts to defend the beleaguered fortress, together with the daring exploits of the youthful commander, Brigadier-General Wolfe, as he led his soldiers and sailors through heavy surf of that perilous coast, many losing their lives in the attempt, finally landing on a point deemed so inaccessible by the French that they had left it unguarded—the prelude of that greater victory on the Plains of Abraham which meant the triumph of British arms in America and eventually the formation of the present Dominion—afford two of the most thrilling instances in the history of Canada.

As one wanders over the site of this famous fortress, which after the second siege was almost entirely destroyed by the English and which is still so massive in its ruins, the mind involuntarily turns tack to scenes of other days. Here, one can conjure picture after picture, scene after scene of a day that is past. On the bare fields and grass covered mounds of these old ruins, in fancy once again arise those formidable fortifications, frowning defence on

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every side. Here once again a busy town lies at our feet, a harbor thronged with shipping, from the small fishing craft of the Acadian fisherman to the picturesque and majestic man-of-war. Again we see men and women of stately mien, members of that old aristocracy of France, upholding in this small corner of the new world a miniature social life modelled upon that gay court beyond the sea. Upon the ruins of the ancient chapel we can, in fancy, again rebuild the sacred edifice, its interior adorned with costly gifts from beyond the ocean. Again we hear the melodious voice of the priest as he chants the solemn mass to a kneeling people—richly-robed ladies, quaintly dressed peasant women, the gold-laced uniforms of the officers mingling with the more sombre dress of the citizens of the town, soldiers and sailors, rich and poor, those who have come to this new land, some for love of God, others for love of adventure, still others to extend the glory and power of their beloved country, while over all floats the flag adorned with the golden lillies of France.

As we linger, still another picture rises before us; the awful picture of war with all its horrors. These old casemates on which we stand, now affording shelter for wandering cattle, are filled with women and children of French Louisburg. Rich and poor, old and young, huddled together day after day, waiting with dread and dismay the outcome of the awful onslaught. In imagination we can hear the bugle call, the

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hurried tread of martial feet, feel the terror and suspense and finally the grief and despair of a conquered people, when upon the ramparts of Louisburg, the golden lillies of France are supplanted by the red cross of England.

Nearly two centuries have elapsed since the last shout of triumph, the last wail of despair resounded over the conquered fortress. A few scattered farmhouses now occupy the site of ancient Louisburg; cattle quietly graze upon the grass-covered mounds that mark the location of that wonderful fortress, while beyond the lines of the old fortifications, in an ancient burying ground, lie quietly sleeping, side by side, French and English, Puitan and Catholic—foes no longer, their requiem, the ceaseless dirge of the restless ocean.

The only monument at present on the site of this historic spot is a polished granite shaft, erected by the American Society of Colonial Wars dedicated to our heroic dead and bearing an inscription which gives the names of the Colonial, British and French forces that took part in the first capture of Louisburg.

Though far removed from the scene of the conflict itself, we have what may be yet another memorial, in the city of Boston, of those stirring times. Situated in one of the older parts of that city—on Beacon Hill ("The Hill" as the true Bostonian is wont to call it) there is an attractive old square known for generations as Louisburg Square, and though surrounded and in close touch with the noise and bustle of a busy

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city, seems to stand quiet and aloof as if withdrawn within itself, its fine old residences overlooking a miniature park of green grass and trees, ornamented by two fine marble statues, all enclosed by a quaint iron fence which seems to carry with it a touch of dignity and conservatism of years that have passed. Associated with the name of this charming old square, we may possibly also find another memorial of Pepperell's great victory, when it is said that the old town of Boston went wild with joy on receiving the news of the fall of Louisburg and the wonderful triumph of the Colonial troops.

At this far off day it is difficult to realize the extent of the bitter disappointment and despair with which the French regarded the loss of this fortress, which they had considered practically impregnable, and which was the beginning of the end of the French regime in Canada. To the French inhabitants of the island, it meant loss of occupation, the breaking of home ties and all the other calamities following the awful wake of war. Even today, across the years that have passed, one may still hear an echo of that tragic event, now almost forgotten. The following story of a pathetic little incident which happened during that strenuous period was told the writer years ago by a very old man, a native of northern Cape Breton, who had himself heard it in his early boyhood. This little tale helps one to realize some of the grievous disappointments and hardships those people had to bear.

"During the last siege of Louisburg, when all

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hope of saving the fortress had been abandoned by the French, a young priest hastily gathered together many belongings of the chapel, such as silver candlesticks, gold and silver vessels, vestments and other valuable articles used in the ceremonies of the church, and aided by two French fishermen in a small fishing vessel, slipped unseen out of Louisburg harbor one misty night. Sailing to the northern part of the island, they landed at Ingonish, where they hastily buried their treasure on the bank of a small cove not far from the shore of Ingonish Bay, hoping no doubt, that in some future day fortune would change and Isle Royale would once more be restored to France, when they would recover the buried treasure.

Many years passed, but the hopes of the young priest and his faithful attendants were never realized. Isle Royale remained in the possession of an alien race; Louisburg and the church to which the treasures belonged had for many years been razed to the ground, its strength and glory now but a memory; those of the inhabitants who had not been transported to France were scattered broadcast throughout the island.

One Summer evening years after, a small vessel sailed into the harbor of Ingonish, and a small boat containing several people, among them a very old man in priestly garb, was seen approaching the shore. That night, strange lights were noticed moving around the shores of the Bay. In the morning the vessel had dis-

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appeared, nothing being left to recall her visit but some freshly upturned earth and a spade thrown carelessly on the shore. No doubt, the last visit of that devoted priest who had so many years before, endeavored to save for what he had fondly hoped would be a brighter future, the treasures belonging to the church which he served."

And so the story of the French regime on this island ended, carrying with it many heartbreaks and many disappointments of a pioneer people.



As the French—only a scattered few remaining—were compelled by the fortunes of war to leave Cape Breton, so also the stern behest of war brought the next pioneer settlers to this island. At the close of the war of American Independence in the United States, we find many of those people who had remained loyal to the British flag—at that time known as United Empire Loyalists—coming to the Maritime Provinces, a small number settling in Cape Breton.

The story of these Loyalists is one of the most interesting in the annals of the Dominion. These people, as courageous and unbending in their high ideal of patriotism, as when untrained volunteers, they had confronted the frowning battlements of Louisburg,—the very drum that beat to arms before Louisburg was braced again when the greater drama of the Revolution

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opened at Concord and Lexington—were now willing to forego their material wealth and comforts to face the hardships and perils of pioneer life, rather than be disloyal to the flag under which they had been born. They came and settled in different parts of the island, and though their numbers were not large, their descendants still form an important part of the present population.



MIDDLE RIVER, C. B.

CHAPTER VI.

Later Pioneers

“From the low sheiling of the misty
island,
Mountains divide us and the waste of
seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart
is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides,
Fair these broad meads—these hoary
woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers’ land.

We ne’er shall tread the fancy-haunted
valley,
Where ’tween the dark hills creeps the
small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner
rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones
gleam.
Fair these broad meads—these hoary
woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers’ land,”

Years passed and the wheel of Fate was still turning; the hills, valleys and glens of the beloved Isle Royale of the French were once again to resound to the voices of yet another people; and to those people who, though per-

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haps more alike in temperament to the French than to the staid Anglo-Saxon Puritan—yet speaking a different language and holding different traditions from either—it was destined more than any other to influence the future history of Cape Breton.

The story of these Celtic pioneers, as with those who came before them, is full of the most poignant interest—taking us back to the days of that ill-fated hero of song and story—the beloved of the Scottish Highlands—Bonnie Prince Charlie and his tragic defeat on the moors of Colloden, resulting so disastrously for his heroic followers; whose lands being confiscated and clan system broken, they wandered, vagrants, over a country that for centuries had been theirs by rightful inheritance. To this, and later to the cruel evictions of the inhabitants on both the mainland and the islands of Scotland to make pasturage for cattle, sheep and deer, thus compelling the people to find homes for themselves elsewhere, was due that great Celtic emigration from the Highlands to America, bringing to the shores of Cape Breton island alone over twenty thousand people; the year 1794, thirty-six years after the final capture of Louisburg witnessing the first landing of that great Celtic pilgrimage which continued over a period of fifty years and which was destined to mean so much to the future development of the island.

Bringing little with them save the indomitable courage of their race, these people overcame

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what seemed insurmountable difficulties; facing a primeval country with all the hardships that entailed settling among the unbroken wilderness. From these later pioneers there comes to us much more vividly the every-day life of this early period; and though the original Celtic pioneers, who with sad hearts left their beloved homeland to hew out new homes in the untamed virgin forests of a new land, have long since gone to their well-earned rest after the toil and struggle, the weariness, homesickness and yearnings for:

“The shielding of the misty islands,
divided from them by the waste of seas . . .”

they have left behind them, as a precious heritage to their descendants, a thrilling story of heroic perseverance; and even today one may hear, especially among the older people of the island—and Cape Breton seems to have a large percentage of those who have attained a very advanced age—many interesting and romantic tales of those Celtic pioneers.

The writer when a small child, has listened with breathless interest to a very old woman, a pioneer of those early days, as with retentive memory she vividly told of the harrowing experience of her voyage across the Atlantic, when as one of a ship-load of emigrants, she sailed from an island of Scotland. During a long and stormy passage in a small sailing ship, smallpox broke out shortly after sailing and

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many died of the disease; while to add to the other horrors, the supply of food became almost exhausted. She graphically portrayed the strange new country to which she had come, the terror with which she regarded the dense forests surrounding her father's home—a log cabin built in the midst of a forest clearing—of the wild animals as well as the brooding mystery of the forest itself, which, to an imaginative people like the Celts, with minds stored for generations with weird beliefs and tales of the occult, must have been a constant source of apprehension. Dramatically she described travelling through the dense blackness of the forest trails at night, lighted only by a brand; a stick with one end burning—this being before the days of the lantern—when it was not unusual for the flame of the brand to be reflected in the eyes of a wildcat as he crept stealthily beneath the thick underbrush that bordered the sides of the forest trail.

The first highways were mere trails winding among the primeval forests. The fields, and afterward the farms and homesteads, were cut and cleared out of these same dense woods, which also supplied the material for the first log cabins, as well as abundance of fuel for the long Cape Breton winter.

There were few horses on the island in those early days and one may still hear many stories told among the older people of the toil and hardships endured by the pioneer settlers of Cape Breton as they carried heavy loads on their

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backs from place to place over the rough forest trails, glad to use fallen trees, stumps or boulders as resting places during those wearisome journeys. Though it seems a far cry back to those days of the forest trail, yet, until within recent years while travelling throughout this island, one might sometimes see large stones or boulders which were known to an older generation as "the resting stones", these stones no doubt, having derived their names from the welcome rest afforded by them to the weary sojourners of pioneer days.

Slowly the country became more settled. The farms, cleared, became stocked with cattle and sheep; the old time industries—so indispensable to farm life at that period—became, especially among the women, one of the greatest factors in the life of the new land. Carding, spinning, knitting and weaving kept the women busy; all the clothing of the family being manufactured in the home, as well as blankets and linens. Beautiful specimens of this work, now cherished heirlooms, may still be seen in many houses on the island.

Many of the most common articles that today we consider absolutely necessary, were practically unknown to those early settlers. There was no such thing as wheat flour; oatmeal and barley which was ground in hand mills or quirns, taking the place of the white flour of today; sugar and syrup were made from the sap of the maple trees. Yet there was no scarcity of food, the newly cleared ground yielding

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bountiful harvests, the rivers and lakes teeming with fish—no one went hungry.

Matches were another unheard of luxury; to kindle a fire, sparks were obtained from flint and steel in the most primitive way. An old man, son of one of the first pioneer families, in relating some very interesting reminiscences of those early days in Cape Breton, told of his grandmother, when a young woman lately out from Scotland, desiring to visit a neighbour who was ill and there being no roads of any kind, followed the shores of a bay, travelling a distance of seven miles before reaching her destination; whereas the main road now running between the two farms is barely three. Being afraid that the fire would die out during her absence, she and a small son who accompanied her, built four successive fires during the journey home in order to preserve the brand taken from the neighbour's fire to light the home fire on her return.

Another amusing little story of those pioneer days told by an aged woman, now well over the century mark, seems rather peculiar to the modern idea of both comfort and style. It appears that the young ladies of that period—more than a century before the “flapper”—regarded shoes not so much of a necessity as a luxury. When going to a church service, many of them travelling miles in order to get there, they walked barefooted, carrying their shoes and stockings under their arms and putting them on a short distance from the church.

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After the service they quickly discarded them rather than give them the unnecessary wear on the long journey home. Hats also seem to have been to the younger women an unheard of luxury, a neatly hemmed handkerchief being the only head covering of the belles of that day, caps and bonnets being reserved for the older women.

Possibly money itself was more scarce at that time than any other necessity, and a pitifully small sum seemed very large to those early pioneer settlers. Recently the writer heard a pathetic little story in connection with the scarcity of that very necessary article in those early days, told by a pioneer's daughter, who, though now very old, remembers vividly her childish sorrow at the time of the incident. A family recently out from Scotland and just beginning to get their farm cleared and settled, received among other presents given them by kindly neighbours, a lamb which became the pet and playmate of the children of the household. One awful day the tax-gatherer arrived to collect the taxes, the sum total being twenty-five cents. There was consternation in the household: it was impossible to raise such a sum of money; and to the great grief of the entire family, the children's pet was led away in lieu of the tax money.

The pioneer life was one of toil and many hardships, yet not without pleasure as well. Work was made pleasure in many ways: and these Celtic pioneers, with their emotional and

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imaginative temperaments, were keen to find amusements even amid the laborious life they were compelled to lead. When a house was built, from the time the first tree was felled until the building was finished, it was a matter of much interest to the whole community, the neighbours for miles coming to aid the builders, making the "house-raising", as it was called, a time of festivity as well as of labor, and so, in all the various tasks of the daily life of the pioneer, the spirit of helpfulness and cooperation among those early settlers made many a task that seemed almost impossible, comparatively easy.

The long winter evenings were enlivened by social visits, or "ceilidh", as the Highlanders call them, the neighbours arriving with their lighted brands in lieu of lanterns to light them through the forest darkness, sat around the blazing logs in the immense fire-place, where the general news of the community was discussed and social intercourse enjoyed by all. A favorite pastime of these gatherings was to listen to someone well versed in Celtic folklore tell those quaint tales or legends brought from the old land, the tales losing none of their picturesque weirdness when told amid the fantastic shadows of the flickering light of the blazing logs on a winter's night.

The milling or tucking frolic was another favorite winter's evening amusement, when from miles around the neighbours gathered at one of the newly established homesteads, singing

gaily, as they worked over the homespun cloth, the old Gaelic songs with all their haunting sweetness. The Celts were a musical people, having songs to suit the various tasks of their daily toil.

Weddings were among the most important social gatherings of that day. Here, all the inherent gaiety of a pleasure loving people was indulged in without restraint. In almost every settlement were found musicians proficient with either the violin or the bagpipe, who supplied the community with the gay dance music of the Scottish Celts. And amid the festivities of the wedding could be heard the reels, strathpeys and hornpipes of old Scotland, accompanied by the sound of dancing feet and gay laughter stirring the sombre silence of the surrounding forest with the echoes of a mirth-loving people: "tell it not in Gath",—the Celtic pioneer was not a prohibitionist—possibly made all the merrier by the free use of "Uisge-beatha"—the Highlander's "Water of Life".

A funeral was another gathering of much importance, when friends travelled for miles through almost trackless forests to sympathize with those bereaved, the "Wake" being an established custom throughout the island.

Tinged with a touch of old-world romance is the story of one of those funerals of pioneer days. Among the first Celtic settlers coming to this island was a young man, who, taking up land with other Scottish pioneers, lived a rather solitary life on the farm which he had cleared

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from out of the virgin forest. Here he lived for many years, being a very old man at the time of his death, and though treated with the utmost respect, due to his apparent superior birth and education, few knew the tragic secret of his early life. On his death bed, his last request was that he should be buried on the summit of a high hill overlooking the farm and cottage where he had spent so many years of his long life and where he himself had laborously built a stone cairn which was to be his last monument. He also requested that he be borne to the grave by men of his own name and clan, and be given a funeral befitting a son of his father's house. His request was granted. Led up the steep hillside by a Highland piper wailing out the solemn lament of the clan to which he belonged, the body was borne on the shoulders of his fellow clansmen, sons of the followers of his father, and tenderly laid beside the cairn of stone.

The story of this man's life is a sad one. The son of a Scottish nobleman who had been one of the most devoted followers of Prince Charlie and who paid the price of his devotion on the fields of Colloden with his life, he, when a mere youth in a moment of violent passion at what he considered the injustice of those whom he regarded as usurpers of his rightful heritage, had killed a high official of the British Government. He was brought to trial and condemned to death, but in some way escaped the vigilance of his jailers. Returning to his former home in the Highlands, he was screened and sheltered by

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those who had been his father's followers, until, in disguise and under an assumed name, he was enabled to sail for America with a shipload of emigrants, landing on this island. Here he lived the remainder of his days, few knowing the tragic secret and those few guarding it well.

The snows of more than a hundred winters have whitened this lonely grave on the Cape Breton hillside, where beneath the sombre firs and flaming Canadian maples, far from the heather covered mountains of his native country, sleeps the scion of a noble house of Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

Folklore

“Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fatal shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.”

I N common with all Celtic people, the Highlanders possess a boundless store of quaint and curious folklore. Their minds stored with the wild traditions and legends of other days, it is not surprising to find among them a strong strain of superstition and belief in the weird and supernatural. These, they also brought with them to their new homes, which, although having many of the aspects of their native land, yet was in a state of almost unbroken primeval forest, which carried with it an eerie environment which would not tend to diminish that strong strain of mysticism in their character. Traces of these superstitions may still be found among their descendants, especially among the older generation who still retain many of the beliefs of their forefathers; some of which are very weird, and all are more or less interesting; such as the old superstitions of the



INDIAN BROOK FALLS,
WHYCOCOMAGH, C. B.

evil eye and second sight, weird tales and ghostly apparitions, signs and portents, which linger yet throughout the island; a heritage from their Celtic ancestors, and which are of much interest, with their picturesque glimpses of the weird beliefs and customs of a Celtic people; whether found amid the fir-clad hills of this island or among the heather covered mountains and glens of their homeland across the sea.

Among the many superstitions brought over with those early pioneers to this island and which is one of the oldest, as well as the most common among the Celts, is that of ghostly apparitions. This belief was very prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland and numberless were the weird stories and legends handed down from one generation to another on this subject. Sir Walter Scott, who as well as being a wonderful delineator of Highland character, has also made the world familiar with the life, customs and folklore of the Highland people in his writings, gives us many instances of this particular superstition. Many of the Scottish clans had their own peculiar ghost or apparition, which was supposed to appear to members of that particular clan as a warning of death or danger. An instance of this is given in "Waverly", where we read of the "Bodach Glas" (The Grey Spectre), who invariably warned the chiefs of the clan Ivor. Another common belief among the Highlanders was that of warnings preceeding death, such as the howling of dogs, the crowing of cocks, ticking of the

death watch, mysterious voices heard in the stillness of night—which is undoubtedly another form of the Irish “Banshee”. To walk through, or pass by a graveyard during the night was regarded with horror. And as a matter of fact, this particular superstition has not altogether died out among the descendants of the Gael on this island, even in this materialistic age, as some years ago the writer personally knew of a hardy Cape Breton Celt, a keen, shrewd business man whose equanimity it would be difficult to disturb, unless indeed, it might be by the loss of a dollar, making a wide detour on a dark night to avoid passing a cemetery.

In his “Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,” Dr. Norman McLeod mentions this particular superstition and perhaps it would be interesting to quote what he says in connection with this subject, as the incident mentioned in the preceding paragraph is no doubt a survival of this curious belief. Dr. McLeod writes as follows:

“In many parts of the Highlands it is believed to this day that the last person buried has to perform the duty of sentinel over the churchyard: and to him, the guardianship of the spirits of those buried before is to some degree committed. It is not esteemed an enviable position, but one to be escaped if possible, consequently, if two neighbours die on the same day, the surviving relations make desperate efforts to be the first closing the grave over their friend.

A ludicrous, but striking illustration of this

strange notion occurred some years ago in the Parish of A—. An old man and an old woman dwelling in the same township, but not on terms of friendship—for the lady, Kate Ruadh (or red-haired Kate) was more noted for her antipathies than attachments—were both at the point of death. The good man's friends began to clip his nails—an office always performed just as a person is dying—he, knowing that his amiable neighbour was, like himself on the verge of the grave, roused himself to a last effort and exclaimed, 'Stop, stop, you know not what use I may have for all my nails, in compelling Kate Ruadh to keep fair'e chlaidh (to watch the churchyard) in place of doing it myself'."

Another peculiar superstition repeatedly heard mentioned among the Celtic people of Cape Breton, and which in some cases is also taken as a foreshadowing or warning of future disaster, is that of the appearance of supernatural lights during the night. Sometimes this is said to occur in houses which have the reputation of being haunted. Evidently this is also a very old Scotch superstition, as we find it mentioned in Scott's narrative poem "Lord of the Isles".

The Highlanders were always very great inquirers into the future, and perhaps no other superstition, among their many superstitions, had a stronger hold upon them than the belief in the power of second sight. Remains of this peculiar superstition are still met with among the older people, and a generation ago in every

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Highland settlement on this island, belief in this occult power was almost universal among the inhabitants. The person possessing this mystic gift, the "Taishatr," or seer, as the Highlanders called them, was supposed to see coming events before they had actually occurred. These occasions, such as weddings and other merry-makings as well as the more tragic events were frequently foretold. The evil eye, another occult manifestation strongly believed in by the Celts, was the power of exerting an evil influence or fascination on another person by a glance from the eye. The horror of this fatal gift, with its blighting potency, was deepened by the fact that it was exerted on any object on which the eye might rest often, if not usually, in opposition to the will of the person cursed with it. To counteract the effects of the evil eye, especially on cattle, branches of the rowan tree, which was thought to have some mystic virtue, used to be entwined over the door of the buildings occupied by the cattle.

It is not surprising, among those varied and weird superstitions, that traces of that ancient belief, which has caused such untold misery to hundreds of innocent people, and which, according to Sir Walter Scott, forms one of the most deplorable chapters in Scottish history, would be found existing in the new home of the Celt—that of witchcraft. Happily, this pernicious belief has become almost extinct, yet at times one may hear weird and interesting stories on this subject and even today we find in isolated

F O L K L O R E

cases that this old superstition has not been entirely eradicated. The following amusing little story was told the writer by a very old woman who had passed the century mark in age, and whose mind was a perfect storehouse of the old customs and early traditions of this island.

During her girlhood days, in the vicinity where she lived, there also dwelt an old woman, who was reputed to be a witch—the orthodox witch seems generally to be an old woman, or “Cailleach”, as the Highlanders call them—who was said to possess the power of transforming herself at will into either a cat or a rabbit. According to this story teller, this masquerading came to rather a tragic ending, as one day, while helping herself to cream in a neighbour’s dairy, the owner suddenly appeared and punished the supposed cat so severely—this is the tragic part of the story—that ever after, the witch was a cripple and was compelled to walk with the support of a staff. Another extremely weird story told by the same person in connection with this so-called witch was, that upon the death of the woman, her grave was said to be constantly haunted by a white rabbit, and in my informant’s heart, I am satisfied that she firmly believed the rabbit to have been a re-incarnation of the buried witch. Being very curious to know what she actually thought, the writer has often tried to get her opinion upon the matter, but has never succeeded. I wonder if anyone, at any time, on any

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subject, ever did get a thoroughly straightforward answer to a question from a Scotch Highlander.

Another quaint tale of those early days was one that might be termed as demonology. It was that of the custom of placing evil influences by speaking of them in a more or less respectful manner, and by so doing, possibly escaping their baleful dominance. For example, in the case of disease, the smallpox was spoken of on Gaelic, as "The Good Woman", a term which was thought to be a very much more respectful appellation than its ordinary name and was supposed to conciliate the evil spirit, evil influence or whatever it was that controlled the disease. Still another weird story of fifty years ago is told regarding strange rites that were performed every year on the first day of May. One of these was to drive the cattle through fire while charms were repeated, to protect them from the evils of witchcraft and the evil eye. This, no doubt, was a form of an ancient Celtic heather festival called "Beltane". Other rites were the wearing of amulets and charms for the same purpose, as well as of employing the aid of reputed witch doctors, who were assumed to be skilled in contending with those powers of evil.

Then there were the fairies, those "little people in green", called by the Highlanders "the men of peace", who were believed to inhabit the hills and glens of Scotland and who have always played an important part in the

folklore of the Celt. Among the people of the older generation in Cape Breton, one may still hear many interesting tales of those mysterious beings and their very often mischevious doings; also of the kelpies, who were held to inhabit mountain lakes and streams. An interesting description of one of these mystical persons is given in "The Monastery" by Sir Walter Scott. But as the scenes of these stories are invariably in the old country, and as fairies are supposed to never cross water, they have evidently staid in the old land and are still confined to the hills and glens of Bonnie Scotland.



As among all seafaring people, the Celts of the misty Isles of the Hebrides had many a superstition associated with the ocean, which played such an important part in the every day lives of the people. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor says in his interesting book, "Behold the Hebrides:"

"It can at least be said of the Hebridean race that it inherited the best qualities of two peoples. From the Celts it received its traditions of moorland and mountain: from the dauntless Viking invaders, who infested every creek and by of the Islands it inherited something of the it spirit of the sea; and from those wild Northmen also learnt the meaning of skilled seamanship."

And among the descendants of these people in Cape Breton, we find the same characteristics and superstitions.

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Among the sailors and fishermen in the coast villages, as well as in the lake region of this island, one may frequently hear quaint stories and superstitions connected with the sea. A rather amusing belief of many of those fishermen is that, to meet a woman on the way to the fishing boats is a very bad omen for the success of the day's fishing, some even carrying this belief to the extent of returning home and not visiting the fishing ground for that day. Another picturesque superstition among those of a particular clan on this island is full of the mystery of the sea. It is said that on one of the beautiful bays of the Bras d'Or there may sometimes be seen looming through the mists of the early dawn, a phantom ship silently and mysteriously sailing on the eerie waters, fading as the rising sun dispels the purple mists of the morning. This apparition is held to be a portent of death to a member of this particular clan, many of whose clansmen had settled in that vicinity, and to only those in whose veins run the blood of this clan is accorded the mystic vision of this strange craft with its foreboding of evil. Surely! this little story might well belong to the misty islands of old Scotland itself, from where no doubt, the superstition was brought to this island of the new world.

In the early pioneer days of the island when amusements were not so plentiful as they are today, the telling of these tales and legends was a favorite diversion, and many and weird were the stories told when the neighbours gathered

for a "Cailidh"—or visit; the best story teller of the neighbourhood being a much appreciated guest.

During the years that have elapsed since those pioneer days, with the gradual growth of the country, comfortable homesteads, towns and villages replacing the unbroken wilderness of the early days; the old customs and traditions are fast dying out and to the more or less sophisticated eyes of this generation, seems crude and strange. Yet it is not more than twenty years ago, in the modern and up-to-date manufacturing city of Sydney, that the writer has known of good people to have their tooth-ache charmed, not by the cold steel of the dentist, but by the muttered charm and touch of a finger of one who claimed to have a magic power of healing. It seems extremely difficult to wholly eliminate belief in the supernatural from the minds of the Celts. But as well as the many superstitions, occult beliefs and weird traditions—very often the result of the vivid imagination of a poetical people—brought with them from an older country, those Scottish pioneers have also bequeathed to their descendants a heritage of romantic history of which any nation might well be proud.

Someone has said "for the last century the Celt has fought the wars and sung the songs of the British Empire". This may perhaps be to some extent an exaggeration, but the most casual reader of British history is familiar with the wonderful part played by this people in the

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building up of that Empire. While quietly sleeping beyond the misty ocean amid the war-worn fields of Flanders lie those who testify that the Cape Breton Celt has not forgotten the heritage of his fathers.



CAPE BRETON HIGHWAY

CHAPTER VIII.

Missionaries

“God sends his teachers unto
every age,
To every clime and every race
of men.”

During these years of emigration, though no doubt some were lured to cross the ocean by an inherent love of adventure, the larger number of early settlers, both French and English, came to the shores of this island with the sole idea of establishing a home in the new land—the majority, as in the case of the United Empire Loyalists and the Celtic immigrants, compelled by fell circumstances to seek homes far from the land of their birth and heritage. To those people a new land offered many opportunities with every prospect of peace and prosperity and a home possibly freer and better for themselves and their children than the old land had ever given.

Yet there were among this pilgrimage some devoted souls who had left home, friends and all the comforts and luxuries of civilization to face the discomforts and perils of a pioneer life, not for any material benefit with which they would in future be recompensed, but for love of God and a vision of service to their fellows—both men and women, followers of the Cross, carrying its message to the isolated dwellers of the wilderness.

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As early as 1629, Jesuit missionaries from France were stationed in Cape Breton, having a mission station at St. Anne's, where it is said the first Christian shrine in America was erected. Several other religious orders also sent missionaries from France to labor both among their own countrymen and the Indians before the founding of Louisburg. Soon after the establishment of Louisburg, the Recollects were sent to look after the spiritual interests of that community—the Brothers of Charity having charge of the hospital and the Sisters of Notre Dame being sent over to establish schools for the education of the young women. These were cultured women, many of whom belonged to the aristocracy of France.

Here, these devoted men and women labored during the years of the French occupation until the final capture by the English and the end of the French regime on this island.

The first Protestants who came to Cape Breton were French Huguenots, who were however, too few in number to have any organizations and we have no record of any missionaries coming to minister to their religious needs. After the conquest by the English, bringing with it a new tide of immigration to the island, we find devoted clergymen and missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant accompanying them, bravely ministering amid the perils and discomforts of the newly settled people.

The first Protestant service on this island of

which we have any record is that memorial service held in the Grand Battery, which—according to the New England officer in charge at the time, had been captured “by the Grace of God and the courage of thirteen men”. This service was held by the New England troops during the first siege of Louisburg and was conducted by the stern old Puritan Chaplain, Reverend Samuel Moody; the text of his sermon being, “Enter into His Gates with Thanksgiving and into His Court with Praise”.

A whimsical incident in connection with this same old Puritan Divine, who was reputed to be the lengthiest preacher in the Colonies, is recorded and which seems to have been of rather a surprising nature to his fellow colonists. A banquet was prepared by General Pepperell for his officers on the evening of the day on which the New Englanders had taken possession of the fortress of Louisburg; among the guests were several clergymen, and Mr. Moody, being the senior pastor present, was called upon to ask a blessing at the feast, greatly to the consternation of the hungry soldiers who expected that they would have to stand through an interminably long Grace. To the utter astonishment, the old man reverently bowed his head and returned thanks in the following terse manner; “Good Lord, we have so many things to thank Thee for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity”. The only time in the history of his ministry, it is said, that he failed

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to embrace the opportunity of addressing either the Almighty or his fellowmen in the most lengthy manner possible. Perhaps the tang of the salt sea air of Cape Breton may have been responsible for this short Grace by abnormally sharpening the venerable Pastor's appetite.

The hardships endured by those early missionaries must have been intense; in summer, travelling through the blazed paths in dense forests, or if by water, in frail bark canoes; in winter, making their way on snow-shoes through the bleak and sparsely settled country, bearing their message of good-will and comfort to those they had come to serve.

Among those early clergymen and missionaries to this island, perhaps two names, though widely separated in time, nationality and religion, stand out pre-eminently among all that noble band of self-sacrificing men and women who have left behind such a high ideal of Christian service.

The first of these is that of Abbe Malliard, a French missionary priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who, coming to the island during the French regime, made his headquarters at Louisbourg, for many years having charge of the missionary work among the Indians—a man of wide culture, infinite tact and great ability, as well as one of saintly life; identifying himself completely with those for whose salvation he labored. He preached the Gospel of the Cross to the Indians, living with them, sharing their joys and sorrows, enduring their hardships—

laboring for years among them with the utmost consecration.

The Abbe Malliard was the first to give the Indians of Nova Scotia a written language. A few copies of his books bearing his signature with notes in French and English are still in existence. Another memorial to this saintly man is found on one of the picturesque islands of the Bras d'Or Lakes, known as Chapel Island, which is still used by the Indians as a place for religious gatherings. Here, carefully fenced around to protect from desecration, is a granite stone marked with a plain cross cut deeply in its surface and surmounted by a cross of iron, which marks the sacred spot where the saintly priest taught the Gospel of Christ nearly two hundred years ago. His name to this day is held in the greatest veneration by the Indians of this island.

More than fifty years had elapsed after the death of Abbe Malliard and many changes had taken place, both in the ownership and government of the island before the Reverend Norman McLeod, that apostle among the Scottish pioneers, arrived in Cape Breton. The story of this man's life reads like a romance; coming from Scotland to America with a number of friends and followers in 1817, they landed in Pictou, settling at a place called Middle River, where they remained for three years, the last year being occupied in building a vessel which was called the "Ark" and with which they expected to sail to a distant port of the United States,

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where they intended to finally settle.

Early in the spring of 1820 the "Ark" sailed out of Pictou harbor with about fifty people on board, but they were fated never to reach the port for which they had sailed. A furious gale was encountered that drove them off their course and they were compelled to abandon the journey and to make homes for themselves on the shores of the beautiful bay at St. Anne's in which they had taken shelter. The "Ark" meantime returned to Pictou in order to bring more of McLeod's followers to Cape Breton; but she seems to have been an ill-fated craft, for she was never heard of again, evidently being lost on the return voyage.

In this settlement at St. Anne's, which constituted the first organized Presbyterian colony in Cape Breton, Norman McLeod and his Celtic followers lived the life of the pioneer, hewing homes for themselves out of the untouched forests. Here, this remarkable man preached, taught—giving much of his time and especial attention to the education of the people—farmed, and built ships; the temporal as well as the spiritual leader of his community.

For thirty-one years he lived a life of active labor, establishing schools, building churches, giving freely of his remarkable strength and energy to the community, spending the best years of his life at St. Anne's until he had passed the allotted three score years and ten—an age when most men, especially those who had worked so strenuously and had accomplished so much

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as he had, would feel that they were entitled to a well earned rest. Just at this time there was a period of discouragement among the settlers in Cape Breton owing to successive crop failures. There even began to be fears of famine throughout the community and Norman McLeod, hearing glowing accounts of the attractive climate and wonderful opportunities of Australia, once again decided to emigrate.

Putting the proposal before his people, it was favorably received; and once more they went to work to build a vessel adequate for the transportation of a goodly number of his parishioners for this long journey to the Southern Cross. In the summer of 1850 a barque of five hundred tons called the "Margaret" was launched and a year later sailed out of St. Anne's, manned by St. Anne's men and having on board Reverend Norman McLeod and his family, as well as one hundred of his people bound for a more genial climate than the shores of Cape Breton offered. After a voyage of twelve hundred miles lasting one hundred and sixty days, they reached their destination; but Australia not proving all that they had anticipated, they remained only about three years. Once more they decided to emigrate, this time to New Zealand, where they finally settled and established a colony, their descendants still being found there.

During the next few years vessels still continued to sail from Cape Breton, taking passengers from McLeod's former congregation at St. Anne's to join their friends in New Zealand.

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Eight hundred and eighty-three persons in all leaving the island for the Antipodes. Here, these people once more took upon themselves the hardships and discomforts of pioneer life. The Reverend Norman McLeod their leader and adviser as before, living the same active life in his new home that he had lived on the island of Cape Breton, now so far away.

A man of great physical as well as mental strength, he remained as active as many a younger man until over four score years of age, being eighty-six years old at the time of his death. The Reverend Norman McLeod was a wonderful man, a born leader of men with remarkable influence over his followers. Eccentric and peculiar; one may still hear many stories of his numerous oddities; yet withal a man of sterling worth, doing his work in his own way and making a success of whatever he undertook.

A splendid monument to his memory and to the memory of those who came with him stands at Wampam, New Zealand, bearing the following inscription:

"This monument is erected to commemorate the arrival in New Zealand of a noble band of Empire Builders who left the Highlands of Scotland about the latter part of the eighteenth century for Nova Scotia and emigrated thence during the years 1851-60, and who by their steadfast faith in God did so much to mould the destinies of their adopted home. Where the path of duty was plain, fear had no place:

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Neither danger nor hardship daunted them.

But oh! what symbol may avail to tell
The kindness, wit and sense we loved so well?
Erected by their Descendants.”

Many thousand descendants of those pioneers are found in New Zealand today; and in the island of Cape Breton, the name of Reverend Norman McLeod is still spoken of with admiration and respect.

CHAPTER IX.

Finis.

“I must down to the sea again, to the lonely sea
and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her
by,
And the wheel’s kick and the wind’s song and the
white sail’s shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea’s face and a grey
dawn breaking.

I must down to the sea again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and
the sea-gulls crying.”

The ocean has always played an important part in the lives of the inhabitants of this island, having been for generations a source of livelihood for the hardy sailors and fishermen; sea-farers noted for their prowess as mariners, whose forefathers for centuries had battled with the tempestuous waters, many of them having that strong strain of Viking blood which can never resist the call of the briny deep—“The Ceol-Mara” (Sea-music) of the Scottish High-



SYDNEY HARBOR, BY MOONLIGHT,
SYDNEY, N. S.

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lander, whose ancient Gaelic boat-songs may still be heard sung on this island.

The coast of Cape Breton, though possessed of many fine harbors, is yet a stern and rugged one, and during the passing years has been the scene of many tragedies and we hear many stories related of shipwreck and death which have occurred on its rock-bound coast. Perhaps among them all, the story of one which happened on the eastern seaboard of Cape Breton, now over a century ago, is one of the most tragic which we have any account; indeed one of the most dreadful that has ever taken place on the shores of this continent; when the immigrant ship "Asterisk" with five hundred souls on board, bound from Limerick, Ireland to Quebec was wrecked on Lorraine Head, only two out of the entire five hundred escaping with their lives. The story of this catastrophe has been handed down as a household tale among the people on this coast, and the mounds that mark the last resting place of the ill-fated immigrants are still pointed out on a promontory which overlooks the scene of the disaster.

This tragedy occurred on the twenty-second of April, 1816; the day had been fine and clear with the wind off-shore and driving before it into the Gulf Stream, the small ice-floes that had drifted down the Cabot Strait from the frozen fields of Labrador; later, the wind broke from the southwest, the sky quickly became overcast and the sea began to rise, rapidly increasing in fury until the ice, rolling and tumbling in upon

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the headlands, seemed to be engaged in a gigantic contest with the rock-bound coast.

Toward morning the storm abated and the fog cleared, disclosing to the horrified gaze of the few settlers living at that time in the vicinity, the shattered hull of a large ship upon the outer reef amid the grinding ice and wild breakers of the headland. Hurrying to the shore, the sight that met their eyes was one never to be forgotten; strewn along the rocky shores were the bodies of the unfortunate immigrants, the nooks and crevices were filled and there were still bodies drifting ashore; only the two survivors, half dead with cold and exposure, being left to tell the awful story of that night. The handful of men who had gathered could do nothing but inter the remains, and lumber being scarce, the bodies were consigned as they were taken from the sea to graves dug on the headland of the cliff below which the ship lay, a battered wreck.

As with many of the stories told on this island, so in this one, amid all the poignant tragedy, one can still find a touch of romance. It is said that among those fishermen who had gathered at the scene of the wreck, was one by the name of Connors, an Irishman who had many years before settled among the fisherfolk who made their homes on this stormy coast. In his youth, previous to his leaving the old country, this man had wooed and won a pretty colleen, and for awhile the future promised much happiness, but a lover's quarrel occurred, followed by an

estrangement and the young man, in a fit of jealous temper, had left his native land to emigrate to America, finally settling on the bleak shores of eastern Cape Breton, where for many years he had made his home. Now, a grey-haired man, he helped to inter the victims of the disaster. As he slowly moved among the dead, in a small cove lying well under an overhanging cliff, he came upon the body of a silver-haired woman. Gently the old man raised her in his arms and looking into the dead face, saw once more the features, changed with the years, but yet those of the sweetheart of his youth. Reverently the old man removed the body and making a rude coffin, buried her in the corner of a small garden surrounding his log-cabin, erecting a simple headstone as a last tribute to his long lost love. Some years later he himself was laid to rest at her side, the two mounds marked with a solitary stone still remaining beside the ruins of the cabin that for so many years had sheltered the lonely man.



Full of romance and tragedy of the ocean, Cape Breton has been for centuries a haven for those restless spirits who dared the storms and perils of an uncharted ocean in their quest for hazard and adventure. And among the many suggestive names found on this island, such as Pirate's Cove, Money Point and others among the numerous harbors and bays, comes the echo

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of a later day when this island was the rendezvous of pirates, who, it is said, made it one of their headquarters in the northern Atlantic. And one may still hear among the older people, especially those of the coastwise settlements, many stories of those strenuous days. Tales and legends relating to buried treasures, and in common with most of this type of story on the North Atlantic seaboard, Capt. Kidd and his outlaw crew figures prominently.

One may also sometimes hear interesting stories of treasure-hunts on the island, and as there are still associated many superstitions and occult beliefs in connection with these hidden stores of gold, these expeditions usually ended in some credulous person receiving a genuinely good fright rather than any of the coveted treasure; as in one very laughable instance when the strident tones of a donkey accompanied by the tinkling of a bell fastened around the animal's neck violently rent the solemn silence of the midnight hour, striking terror to the hearts of a party of treasure seekers who were diligently and silently digging for hidden gold at that mystic hour—according to the superstitious beliefs regarding those treasure hunts, the auspicious hour is supposed to be midnight and absolute silence must be maintained lest the mystic spell be broken. No doubt visions of buccaneers long since departed, of Capt. Kidd and all his phantom crew returning from unknown regions to dispute with these invaders their long buried treasure arose before the ter-

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rified searchers, as they fled from the scene of their labors; the donkey meanwhile, calmly continuing his midnight lunch and nocturnal serenade, undisturbed by either treasure searchers or phantom buccaneers.

Only those who live by the sea can appreciate the various moods of the ocean; from the wild fury of a winter's storm to the placid calm of a summer's day. Its inscrutable mystery, its beauty as well as its fearfulness, are all familiar to the dwellers of this island whose very heart is entwined by its waters as they curl and wind amid the coves, bays and islets of its beautiful inland sea; nowhere can one be more fully conscious of the alluring attraction of the capricious Atlantic than in Cape Breton with its appealing charm and unique location.

An island of moods and changes that knows no monotony, rich in traditional and historical history and still to a great extent prevaded with a quaint old-world charm of another day. One cannot fail to fall under the spell of its many attractions. Nowhere in the Dominion is there found a more interesting spot than this small island in eastern Canada—the “Oonamaagik” of the Micmac Indian, the Cape Breton of the Basque fisherman and very appropriately called by some, “The Front Door of Canada”.

